

MODERN CHARACTERS

For 1778.

By SHAKESPEARE.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

MODERN CHARACTERS

For 1778:

By SHAKESPEARE.

—————
To hold as 'twere the Mirror up to
Nature, to show Virtue her own Feature, her
own Image; and the very Age, and Body of the Time, his
Form, and Pressure, —————

H A M E T.

SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed, and sold by D. Brown, No. 6, Catherine-Street,
 Strand; and all the Bookellers in Town and Country.

MDCCLXXVIII.

B

MODERN CHARACTERS

For 1778.

William
By SHAKESPEAR.

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Nature ; to shew *Virtue*, her own Feature ; — *Scorn*, her
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Form, and Pressure.———

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THE COMPILER

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March 18, 1773.

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THE following CHARACTERS are said to owe their *modern arrangement*, to the *New Year's Whim* that precedes them: but whether they found their way to that universal, and fashionable Register the MORNING POST, by the channel of accident, or design, the present Compiler will not venture to determine.—He deems it sufficient for him to have collected them carefully;—to have corrected their typographical errors, and to present them to the world, with additions from the other Prints, who imitated the design;—thus forming a general Collection of these *Modern Likenesses*, for the amusement of the *Beau Monde*, and proving to the world, that the Characters, drawn by the pencil of SHAKESPEAR, are striking copies from the *School of Nature*, and will therefore represent the features of every age, down to the latest posterity.

THE COMPILER.

March 18, 1773.

ADVERTISMENT. MODERN CHARACTERS.

NEW YEAR: PROLOGUE, for 1778.

Jan. 1. 1778.

A Convivial circle of Persons of Distinction assembled yesterday in Grosvenor-Street, to usher in the New Year, where, after dinner, it was discussed for some time,—"What Author had drawn the most numerous and finished likenesses of mankind?—An old fashioned Peer, the noble owner of the hotel, contended for Shakespeare; but the whole group dissented, by observing, that his portraits were obsolete, and more of caricature than of character. Pleased at this extraordinary judgment, the venerable Nobleman went immediately to his library, and returning with a large folio edition of his favourite Poet, informed the company, that a friend had just struck him, which would probably decide the dispute, declining at the same time, that each of the party would write the names of their most intimate friends, as well as their own, upon small bits of paper, which he further requested might be dropped promiscuously into the volume

MODERN CHARACTERS.

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at

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at the various places he should open; after which he would carefully see, whether the *dead Painter of Nature* would not be able to hit off a *living likeness* or two out of the number. — His request being complied with, the book was indiscriminately opened several times before all present, when the annexed names, to the astonishment of the *fashionable infidels*, were found lying upon the following passages;— a fair transcript of which, as they occurred, was made, without distinction of rank, or sex, and voted, by a considerable majority, to be sent to the *Morning Post*. — Our Correspondent will not vouch for the *Likenesses*, but, such as they are, presents them to the *Beau Monde*, under the title of

Modern CHARACTERS by SHAKESPEAR.

WHY, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Pernia* one, there must be something else
Palm'd with the other; for the poor, rude world,
Hath not her fellow—

Merch. V. Act III.

Duke of Mantua.

How like a play the world is!

Examine thyself to feel what wretches feel,

That

That thou may'st shake the superfluous to them? 2
And shew the Heav'ns more just! —

Lear, A& III.

Lady W — IN.

You seem to be as *Dian* in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud, ere it be blown;
But you are more intemp'rate in your blood —
Than *Venus*! —

Much Ado, A& IV.

Duke of B — IN.

Bull *Yours*, Sir, had an amiable tow,
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a *Calf*, on that same noble feat,
Much like to you — for you have fall'n his bleat! —

Ditto, A& V.

Lord T — NS — D.

And I have not forgotten what the inside of a
church is made of — I am a pepper-corn! — a brewer's
horse! — The inside of a church! — Company,
villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Ham. IV. Par. I. A& III.

Lady D — LA — A.

Another taken from me too? Why just Heav'n,
Am I still left the last in life, and woe?

Tit. II. A& II.

Edg. II. A& II.

10

Duch of P
CHARACTERS

Distain, and scorn, the sparkling in her eye.

Lord M. — — —

Will you have me, Lady?

No, my Lord, unless I might have another
for working days. — Your Grace is too costly to wear
every day.To *Much Ado*, A & II.

Lord M. — — —

Heaven made him, and therefore let him
pass for man!

Merry V. A & VI.

I BA and J. A I.

Mrs. B. — — —

All of her that is out of door, most rich!

If she be furnished with a mind as rare,

She is alone in Arabian bird, and I

Have lost the wager!

Oymb. A & II

Gen. B. — — —

He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose,
like an honest man, and a soldier; but now he's
turn'd *Orbographer*; his words are a fantastical
banquet.

Merry VII. A & VIII.

Lord B. — — —

By your leave, sweet Ladies!

If I chance to talk wild, forgive me:---

I had it from my father. — He was very mad,

And kiss'd you twenty with a breath,

As I do now! —

Hen. VIII. A & I.

Dutch.

Duch. of P——TI——D. M

Disdain, and scorn, ride sparkling in her eye,
Misprizing what they look at: and her wit,
Values itself so highly, that to her's
All matter else seems weak. ———
Must. Ant. Act III.

II BA. John. D. of D——N——RE.

See where he steals! ——— Told I you not, *Benvolio*,
That we should find this melancholy walker
Lock'd in some gloomy covert, under key.
Of cautionary silence?

Rom. and Jul. Act I.

Lord H——G——ON.

When he was naked, he was for all the world
Like a forked radish, with a head fantastically car-
ved upon it with a knife! ——— he was so forlorn, that
his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: —
the genius of famine! and letcherous as a monkey!

Hen. IV. Part II. Act III.

Lord C——MP——N.

When he speaks, ———
The air, a charmed libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet, and honeyed sentences!

As I do now! ———

How. VIII. Act I.
Duch.

12. MODERN CHARACTERS.

Lord L. D. — s. — R.

Come! sing me a *lively song*, to make me merry. I was once as valiantly given as a Gentleman need be: — went to a bawdy-house not above once — a quarter of an hour! — but now I live out of all order, and compass!

Hen. IV. Part I. A & III.

Duchess of D. — s. — R.

Oh! she doth teach the porches how to shine!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night:
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.

Rein. and Jul. A & I.

Sir W. W. W. — s. — R.

Bardolph! am not I fallen away vilely since this last action? — Do not I bave? — Do I not dwindle? — Why my skin hangs about me like an old Lady's loose gown! I am withered like an old apple-john!

Hen. IV. Part I. A & I.

Lady H. St. — s. — R.

Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it! I have known his handy work; therefore, good mother, to whom am I indebted for these limbs? — Sir Robert never helpt to make this leg!

K. John, A & I.

Lord:

BY SHAKESPEARE.

Lord H—ac—t.

His breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too; that very moment
Consideration, like an Angel, came
and whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him.

Hm. VI. Act I.

Lady S—ft—n.

I'll hold thee any wager
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace.

Cymb. Act III.

Hon. Mrs. D—r.

Hath *Romeo* slain himself? Say thou but ay,
And this bare little word shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice!

Romeo and Jul. Act III.

THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

— They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his finest head;—and yet as rough
(Their royal blood as the full wind)
That shakes the mountain pine.

Cymb. Act IV.

Sir Jos. M—w—r.

His reasons are as two grains of wheat,
hid in two
bushels

busnels of chaff. You shall seek all day, ere you find them, and when you have found them, they are not worth the search.

March of V. Act I.

Dows Lady H. w. s.

That I could shift my sex, and dye me deep
In their opposers blood!—But as I may
With woman's weapons, piety, and prayers,
Ill aid their cause!

Lear, Act V.

Sir Ed. W. s. s.

Yet *Benedict* was such another; and now he is be-
come a man. He swore he would never marry, and
yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat
without grudging.

Much Ado, Act III.

King of France, s. s.

Alas! poor *Klauer*! he's already dead, slabb'd
with a white wench's black eye!—ran through the
ear with a love-long—and ill be a man to outcoun-
ter *Klauer*!

Hamlet, Act IV.

Rom. and Jul.

Lear, Act I.

Here I will stand, and my property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart, and me,
Hold thee my son for ever!

Lear, Act I.

by which of char. You shall feel all day, eye you
 and them, and when you have found them, they are
 not worth the test.

Her Mar. —

Thy most amazing excellence shall be

Fame's triumph in success, when

Thy bright example shall adorn the scene,

And teach the world perfection.

With woman's weapons, piety and prayers.

Lady A — n P —

For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;

And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;

And true she is, as she hath proved herself ;

And therefore like herself, — wise, fair, and true.

Shall she be plac'd ! —

M — r — s of L —

Came there a certain Lord, neat, trimly dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom, and in new reap'd ;

Show'd like a bubble-land, at heaven's home ;

He was perfum'd like a milliner,

And twist'd his finger, and his thumb

He held a pouncet box !

Hen. IV. Part I. Act I.

Lord B —

He hath, —

borrowed a horse of the Englishman, and

swore he would pay him again, when he was able !

Act I.

Sir T F—K—D.

Thy curiſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf; for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous!

Merch. of V. Act IV.

Lady T—s—nd.

Alas! what would the wretched *Edgar* with
The more unfortunate *Cordelia*!
Who, in obedience to a father's will,
Flies from her *Edgar*'s arms to *Burgundy*!

Lear, Act I.

Lord S—r—k.

The Gentleman is learn'd;—a moſt rare ſpeaker;
To Nature none more bound; but he, my Lady,
Hath into monſtrous habits put the Graces
That once were his!

Hen. VIII. Act I.

Lord P—m—th.

Thou art ſo fat witted with drinking old ſack,
and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping
upon benches in the afternoon,—that thou haſt for-
gotten to demand that truly, which thou would'ſt
truly know.

Hen. IV. Part I. Act I.

Pr—of W—s.

For he is gracious, if he be obſerv'd;
He hath a tear for pity,—and a hand
Open as day for melting charity!

Yet

BY SHAKESPEARE, 17

Yet notwithstanding, being inens'd, he's fiant,
As humorous as winter! *Hen. IV. A. 3. III.*

Lady C. M---k---zib.

Love heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
This love feel I, but such my froward fate,
That there I love, where most I ought to hate! *Rom. and Jul. A. 3. I.*

Lord Ed---BE.

Why! Love forswore me in my mother's womb!
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh! monstrous thought! *Rich. III. A. 1. I.*

Lady B. T---ma---ca

But who dare tell her so?
She'd mock me into air! O she would laugh me out
of myself! press me to death with wit! *Much Ado, A. 3. III.*

Lord S---b---on.

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart melt with mortifying groans! *March. V. A. 3. I.*

Lord A---ma---ca

He hears merry tales, and smiles not;
I fear he will prove the *Hooping Philosopher* when he

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grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth.

Mer. of V. Act I.

Lord Mosby. — We'll have a laughing

Ay, that's a *don* indeed! for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation, that he can shoe him himself! I am much afraid my Lady, his mother, play'd foul with a Smith.

Darkness. — The full sun of me

Lord R. — Happy in this, he is not yet old

Darkness and devils

Saddle my horse, call my train together
Degenerate viper, I'll not trouble thee!

Lear, Act I.

Lady M'D. — L.D.

Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant.

Whether you will or no!

Lady E. — On.

They'd tho' the sun's region means to brighten
That bird won't and I think it were the world
That I did put me all points like a man,
A gallant cataph by my side;

A boar

A boar spear in my hand, and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden womrn's fear there will)

We'll have a swathing, and a martial outside,

As many other mannish cowards have,

That do outface it with their semblance?

As You Like It, Act I.

Lady M——SON.

—— The full sum of me

Is, an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:

Happy in this; she is not yet so old

But she may learn, happiest of all,

That she commits herself to you to be directed.

Merch. of V. Act II.

Act I.

Sir L—— D——s.

The skilful shepherds peel'd me certain wands

And stuck them up before the fullsome ewes:

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not,

Willow: to be your maid; but I'll be your servant

Merch. of V. Act I

III Act Mrs. Jordan

Oh, were those eyes in heav'n

They'd thro' the airy region stream so bright,

That birds wou'd sing, and think it were the morn

Row. and IV Act II

And I have seen the point like a man

And I have seen the point like a man

And I have seen the point like a man

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 MODERN CHARACTERS

Duke of D. ———

I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: a Lord of the Council rated me the other day in the street, about you, Sir: I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, and in the street too.

Hen. IV. Part I. Act.

Lord Ed. B. ———

'Tis not unknown to you, *Antonio*.
 How much I have disabled mine estate,
 By shewing something a more swelling port
 Than my faint means would grant contrivance.

Merch. of V. A&F.

Lady S. ———

If that thy love be honourable,
 Then all my fortunes at thy feet I'll lay:

And follow thee, my love, thro'out the world!

Rom. and Jul. Act II.

Lord An. ———

Where's *Gloster* now, that us'd to head the fray,
 And scour the ranks where deadliest dangers lay?

How like a *Shepherd* in a lonely shade,

Idle, unarm'd, and lying to the sight?

Law, A& V.

5AA

Lady

Lady ACK—B.

Oh, for a horse with wings! He is at Milford-ha-

vent, and I know where a country is

How far is't thither? If one of mean affairs boog

May plod it in a week, why may not I glidenab!

ther in a day? *Emb. Act IV.*

Mad. SCHW—C.

You've sent innumerable substance,

By what means got I leave to your own conscience,

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways.

You have for dignity. *Hen. VIII. Act III.*

Lord T—P.L.

Now banish'd Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd;

So may it come, thy master whom thou lov'st,

Shall find thee full of labours. *Lear, Act I.*

Duke of B—D—K.

He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string,

and the little hangman dare not shoot at him!—

He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue

is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue

speaks. *Rich. III. Act III.*

Lord A—B—R—

For having such a blessing in his Lady,

He finds the joys of heav'n here on earth!

And

Lift his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle rendered you in music.
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose
 Familiar as his garter.

Hen. V. A & I.

Miss Bury — L.

'Tis beauty blent, whose red and white
 Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on,
 Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
 If you will lead these graces to the grave,
 And leave the world no copy.

Twelfth Night, A & I.

Lord H — TF — D.

He seems to be of great authority, close with
 him; gave him gold; and tho' authority be a stub-
 born bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold;
 shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his
 hand, and no more ado!

Winter's Tale, A & IV.

Stand forth, *Hermione*,

A shining proof that innocence can bear
 Affliction's sharpest torture unimpair'd,
 And from the trial to the wond'ring sight
 Come forth more pure, more amiable bright!

Winter's Tale, A & V.

You would denie the King were made a Prelate?
 Let him debate of commonwealth affairs,
 You'd say it hath been all in his study.

III

Duke of N.—TH.—P.

He sits amongst men like a descended god!
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming!

Cymb. Act II.

Col. B.—RE.

— This is some fellow,
 Who having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
 A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
 Quite from his nature.

Lear, Act II.

Lady FRANK.—RS.

O Hero! what an angel hadst thou been;
 If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
 About the thoughts and councils of thy heart!
 But fare thee well, most soul! most fair!

Much Ado, Act IV.

Sir F. N.—N.

— Never did I know
 A creature that did bear the shape of man,
 So keen, and greedy to confound a man!

Measure for Measure, Act I.

HON. MR. S.—S.

Thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that
 a milkmaid, if she be in love would kiss it off!

Lady

Lady D———

Thou know'st the mark of night is on my face,
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
 Fain would I deny what I have spoke
 But farewell compliment! *Rom. and Jul Act II.*

Lord W. G———

Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
 And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espie
 Himself *Love's traitor*: this is pity now
 That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there
 should be
 In such a love, so vile a lout as he! *King John, Act III.*

Lord N———

I profess,

That for your Highness' good I ever laboured
 More than my own
 Tho' all the world should crack their duty to you,
 Tho' perils in the State
 Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and
 Appear in form more horrid,—yet my duty
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood
 Should the approach of this wild river break,
 And stand unshaken yours! *Hen. VIII. Act III.*

C

Mrs.

Mrs. LEM—TRE.

—Befrew my very heart;
I think you happy in this second match,
For it excels your first, for it did not,
Your first is dead, or were as good he were
As living hence, and you no use of him.

Rom. and Jul. A& III.

Hon. Mr. C—F—r.

If I become not a *cart* as well as another man,
a plague on my bringing up!

Ham. IV. Part I. A& II.

Lady A—K.

Now get you to my Lady's chamber, and tell her,
Let her paint and ~~stick~~ *stick* to this complexion she
~~must come at last!~~

Hamlet, A& V.

Lord H—KE.

Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falcon,
I could have made ~~em~~ *em* ~~rip~~; I am old now,
And these vile crookes spoil ~~me~~ *me* ~~out of~~ *out of* ~~breath~~ *breath*
~~me~~ *me* ~~! oh, quite of~~ *! oh, quite of* ~~breath and spent!~~

Leas, Act V.

Mrs.

I am very proud! revengeful! ambitious! with
more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to
put

BY SHAKESPEARE.

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Mrs. E. M. — yn.

That I did love the *Marco* live with him;
My downright violence, and storm of fortunes,
May trumpet to the world,
I'll w *Othello's* a visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul, and fortunes consecrate.

Othello, Act I.

Mrs. B. — n. y.

I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, — she
carves, — she gives the leer of invitation!

Merry Wives, Act I.

Lord M. — n. y.

Get thee *glaz eyes*, and like a scurvy politician,
Seem to see the things thou dost not.

Lear. Act IV.

Mr. A. — n. y. S. — n. y.

What say you to young *Master Fenton*? he *capors*,
he *dances*, he *sings*, he *smells*, *April* and
May as he will carry it! *his is his*, he will
carry it! *Merry Wives Windsor.*

Lord O — w.

I am very proud! revengeful! ambitious! with
more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to

put them in, imagination to give them shape, or
time to act them in.—What should such a fellow as
I do crawling between earth and heaven?

Ham. Act III.

Lord C.—P.—D.

He uses his *folly* like a stalking-horse, and under
the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

As You Like It, Act V.

Lord T.—L.

Oh, the curse of marriage!

That we can call those delicate creatures ours,

And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad

And live upon the vapours of a dungeon,

Than keep a corner in the thing I love.

For other's use!

Othello, Act III.

Sir JOHN F.—B.—G.

Plate fine with gold,

And the sharp lance of justice hurtless breaks.

Through rotten clothes, small vices appear,

And under seemly covers, all is hid.

Lear, Act IV.

Mr. De GLAY.

Young ravens must have food!

Merry Wives, Act I.

I will be more
wary when they are wives.
I will be more
wary when they are wives.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

Lady J.

This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart
Hot, hot and moist—this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty; fasting and pray'r
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young, and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels! *Othello, Act III.*

Lord G—v—r.

Hang him, poor cuckoldy knave, I know him
not; yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say
the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money, for
the which his wife seems to be well favour'd.

Merry Wives, Act I.

Lord G—G—

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all!

Hamlet, Act III.

Sir R.

Methinks I have no more wit than a Christian, or
an ordinary man has: but my great-great-uncle of
beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Twelfth Night, Act I.

Dutchess of G—

Maids are *May* when they are maids; but they
change when they are wives.—I will be more

jealous

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jealous of thee than a *Barbary* cock over his hen;
more clamorous than a *parrot* against rain; more
new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my de-
sires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing like
Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you
are disposed to be merry.

As you like it, AA IV.

G. S. — YN, Esq;

— But hear thee, *Gratiano*,
Thou art rude, and bold of speech,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear no fault;
But where thou art not known, why there they
shew
Something too liberal.

Measure for Measure, AA I.

Lord COLLE — NE.

Can my fides hold, to think that man who knows
What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse to be,
Will his free heart languish out,
For assured bondage?

Cymbeline, AA II.

Lady D — AY.

Blessed live you long
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever

Country

Country called his, and you his mistress, only
For the most worthy fit.

Cymb. Act II.

Sir RALPH P——NE.

He has been at a great feast of languages, and
stolen the scraps. O! he has lived long on the alms
basket of words.

Love's Labour Lost.

Lord DART——TH.

His champions are the Prophets and Apostles;
His weapons, holy laws of sacred writ.

Hen. VI. Act I.

Miss M——ON.

In Belmont is a Lady richly left,
And she is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues.

Measure for Measure.

Mr. T. LUT——L.

Oh! he's as tedious,
As a tird horse, or as a railing wife;
Worse than a smoaky house. I had rather live
With cheese and garlick in a windmill far,
Than

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Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom!

Hen. IV. Part IV. A & III.

St. John D.—Y.

Lady Sarah B.—W.

Adultery! thou shalt not die: die for adultery!
No: the wren goes to it, and the small gilded fly
Leethers in my sight. Let copulation thrive!

Lear, A & II.

Recd.—W.—TON.

Lord A.—G.—W.

I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake:
That is the way to it.

Two Gent. of Verona.

Comedy of Errors.

Duke of C.—A.—D.

God hath blest you with a good name: to be
well favoured is the gift of fortune; but to write
and read, is the gift of nature.

What's the dearest in the world?—Oh! you
with best regard, but you—oh! you
so perfect, and so perfect are created.

Lord W. G.—.

A serving man, proud in heart, and mind; that
curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, that serv'd
the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of
darkness

darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spoke words! and broke them in the sweet face of heav'n!

As You Like It, Act IV.

Sir JOHN D—Y.

Go to!—Here's a simple line of life.—Here's a small trifle of wives.—Alas! fifteen wives is nothing! eleven widows, and nine maids is a simple coming in for one man.

Measure for Measure, Act V.

PRIGG—W—TON.

Marry, Sir! she's the kitchen wench, and all grease, and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant her dress, and the tal-lows in them, will burn a whole *Paland* winter!

Comedy of Errors.

Lady SP—R—L—L.

Admired Miranda!

Indeed the top of admiration's worth.

What's dearest in the world, Full many a Lady

Have I with best regard, but you—oh! you

So perfect, and so peerless are created,

Of every creature's best!

Tempest, Act III.

A large universal; like the sun universal;
His liberal eye doth give to every one.

MODERN CHARACTERS

Duke of St. Al.—'s.—

I am one

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune;

That I would set my life on any chance

To mend it, or be rid on't!

Macbeth. Act III.

Hon. Mr. H.—'s.—

Why he will look upon his boor, and sing;

mend his ruff, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing.

I know a man had this trick of melancholy, sold a

goodly manor for a song!

Ally Well. Act II.

Hon. Mr. H.—'s.—

O happy fair,

Your eyes are load-stars, and your tongue sweet, and

More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,

When wheat is green, and hawthorn-buds appear.

Mid. Night's Dream. Act I.

Mr. May—'s.—

I charge thee, *husband*, tender well my bonds:

saw'st thou not, boy, how *Glister* made it good at

the hedge corner, at the coldest scent? I would not

lose the dog for twenty pounds.

Taming of the Shrew.

Duke of Mon —'s.—

Every wretch pale before

Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks,

A large

A larges universal; like the sun universal,
His liberal eye doth give to every one.

Duke of St. Albans

Hen. V.

I am one

C. to C. n. B. J.

Pray you peruse that letter;
You must not now deny it is your own hand;
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase,
Or say, 'tis not your *seal*, nor your invention:
You can say none of this.

Twelfth Night, Act V.

Lady C. — — —

The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest stream,
And hangs on *Diana's* Temple.

Carriolans.

Lord W. — — —

Bliss is much richer without guile and merriment
Against the heart.

Troilus and Cressida.

Mr. M. — — —

I charge thee, *Prologue*
I have lived long enough; my way of life is fall-
len into the *yellow leaf*; and that which
should accompany old age, as honour, love,

Prologue

Every wretch pale before

Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.

A larges

dience, troops of friends, I must not look to have ;
but in their stead, curses, not loud, but deep !

Macbeth, Act IV.

Hon. L.—L D——.

But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on
the sensible *Benedick's* head ? yea, and underneath,
" here dwells *Benedick* the married man !"

Duke of QUEBENS—Y.

—Oh, good old man ! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
Thou art not for the fashion of these times.

As You Like It, Act III.

Lady L——S M——.

—A maiden never bold ;
Of spirit so still, and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at itself ; and she, in spite of Nature,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on !

Othello, Act I.

Earl of A——.

There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream, and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;

As who should say, I am *Sir Oracle*,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!

March. of Ven. Act I.

Miss Molés. — TH.

Mistress, know yourself, down on your knees
And thank heav'n, fasting, for a good man's love;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy: love him, take his offer.

As You Like it, Act III.

Lady Cæsar — IS.

— Here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O *Ferdinand*
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off!
For thou shalt find, she will out-step all praise,
And make it halt behind.

Tempest, Act IV.

SH. E. — D. D. — NG.

— Thou giv'st so long, I fear
Thou wilt give thyself away in paper shortly.

Timon of Athens.

Lady Anne. Can. — OL.

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds
As having sense of beauty's dole, their piteous howls
D Their

Their mortal natures, letting soft go by
The divine *Desdemona*!

Othello, A& II.

Lord *SHEER*—NE.

The devil a puritan he is, or any thing constantly, but a time pleaser, an affected ass, that cons State without book, and utters it by great swaths the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd as he thinks with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him,—love him.

Twelfth Night, A& I.

Mr. S—KES.

I know you are now, Sir, a Gentleman born,
Ay, and have been so any time these *four hours*!

Winter's Tale, A& V.

Mrs. B—HBY.

A pox of such antic-*lispine*, affected phantasies,
—these new tuners of accents! Why, is not this
a lamentable thing, that we should be thus torment-
ed with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers—
these *pardoney moys*?

Rom. and Jul. A& I.

Capt. *Ar*—EN.

O! that's a brave man! he writes brave ver-
ses! speaks brave words! swears brave oaths,
and

and breaks them bravely. But all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides!

As You Like it, Act III.

Lady C. M.—*sh—m.*

The hand that made you fair, hath made you good; the goodness that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair.

Mia. for Mia. Act II.

Mr. W. D.—*ks.*

—Why what is *Fibale*

More than the prince of cats?

Rom. and Jul.

Lord Sus.—*x.*

—Oh, treason of my blood!

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters mind

By what you see them act.

Oibello, Act I.

Hon. T. ONS.—*w.*

Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'th' sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him for the love of mockery!

Twelfth Night.

Earl Bath—sr.

Goodman *Vergis*, Sir, speaks a little of the matter; an old man, Sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but in faith as honest as the skin between his brows.

Much Ado, Act III.

Lady C——.

——— Under your patience

'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day;
'Tis pity they should take him for a *Stag*.

Titus Adran, Act III.

Mr. CUMB——D.

He'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted; it is the right butter-woman's rate to market;—this is the very false gallop of verse; why do you infect yourself with them?

As You Like it, Act III.

Mrs. MONT—GUE.

——— For in her age

There is a prane, and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men! besides she hath prosperous art
When

When she will play with reason, and discourse:
And well she can persuade.

Mea. for Mea. A& I.

Lady AL — CAR — R.

——— Titled goddess!

And worth it with addition; but fair soul;
In your fond frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a *maiden*!

All's Well, A& III.

Mr. B — THBY.

Hey-dey! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

Timon of Athens.

Col. LUTR — L.

Shall mongrel curs confront the Helicons?
Shall pack-horses, and pamper'd jades of *Asia*,
That cannot travel thirty miles a day,
Compare with *Cæsars*, and with *Cannibals*,
And *Trojan Greeks*? and shall good news be baffled?
Let King *Cophetua* know the truth thereof;
Then, *Pistol*! lay thy head in *Fury's* lap.

Hen. IV. Part II. Acts II. and IV.

D 3

Lady.

Lady FITZ—K.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,

Where could he find a fairer?

K. John.

Sir W. CUN—M.

If I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be
drunk, (not being a tall fellow) trust me not!

Winter's Tale.

Lady CARM—N.

Two of the fairest stars of all the heavens,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

Rom. and Jul.

Lord VILL—RS.

There can be no kernel in this light nut; the
soul of this man is in his cloaths! Trust him not
in matter of heavy consequences.

All's Well, A & II.

Mrs. H—A.

That woman that cannot make her fault her hus-
band's accusation, let her never nurse her child her-
self, for she will breed it like a fool.

As You Like it, A & IV.

Mr. J—L.

If he have not enough left to keep himself warm,

let

let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left to be a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother!—He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Enter Dr. W., Act I.

Dr. W.—SON.

If a man do not erect in this age *his own tomb* ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell ring, and the widow weeps.

Much Ado, Act IV.

Lord CHAT—M.

Your breath first kindled the dire coal of war,
And brought in matter, that should feed this fire;
And now it is too huge to be blown out.

Mist CURT—S.

If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not scape calumny.—Get thee to a nunnery!

Hamlet, Act IV.

Lord CHOLM—Y.

Be heedful youth, and for you stop by times,
Lest that thy rash ungovernable passions

O'er-

O'erleaping duty, and each due regard,
Hurry thee on to cureless woes,
And lasting penitence.

Rom. and Jul. Act II.

Lady ANN COV—Y.

Oh! she did so course o'er my exteriors with such
a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did
seem to scorch like a burning-glass.

Merry Wives, Act I.

Sir C. BAMF—DE.

After he scores he never pays the score:
He ne'er pays after-debts;—take it before.

Alf's Well, Act IV.

Lady MACCLES—D.

'Tis a good Lady,—'tis a good Lady: we may
pick a thousand fallads e'er we light on such ano-
ther herb: Indeed, Sir, she is the *sweet marjoram*
of the fallad, or rather the *Herb of Grace!*

Act V.

Sir WATKIN LEW—S.

A certain Knight that swore "*by his honor*"
they were good pan-cakes, and swore by his honor
the mustard was nought:—Now, I'll swear to it,
the pancakes were nought, and the mustard was
good; and yet was not the Knight forsworn.

As You Like It, Act I.

Lord

BY SHAKESPEARE.

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Lord Don — L.

Sir, for a fifteen-pence he will sell the fee-simple
of his salvation!

All's Well, A. IV.

Lady C — K2.

A Lady so fair, to be partner'd
With Tomboys! — Be reveng'd,
Or she that bore you was no Queen,
And you recoil from your great stock!

Cymb. A. II.

Lord Egbert — T.

Between two horses, which doth bear him best?
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye?
He has, perchance, some shallow spirit of judgment!

Henry IV.

Mr. Stack — L2.

It is certain I am lov'd of all Ladies, only you
excepted.

Much Ado, A. II.

Gov. Strat — N.

That it may please thee, have thou had designs
To him that hath most cause to be a Monarch;
And presently repair to Crosby House,
Where, after I have solemnly inter'd,
At Chertsey monastery this injur'd King,

And

And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you.

Rich. III. AG II.

Lord T. P. CL—TON.

What is your *quest*? do, or not do? I would I
had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have
in fencing, dancing, and bear-bearing! O had I
but followed the art!

Twelfth Night.

Lady P. BER—

When you speak sweet,

I'd have you do't for ever; when you sing
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so:---when you dance, I wish you
A wave o'th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that.

Your poor thin roof with

Winter's Tale. AG IV.

Gov. JOHN.---NE.

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale Women!

Rich. III. AG IV.

The Nature, with a beautiful wall,
Doth oft close in pollution,---yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair, and outward character.

Twelfth Night. AG II.

Lord.

Lord D — BY.

If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite him with the serpent's curse;
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy, the purest of their wives,
Is foul as slander!

Othello, Act IV.

Duke of Rich — D.

— In this beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions! — 'Tis inferr'd to us
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

Timon of Athens.

Miss W — T.

— Make false hair, thatch
Your poor thin roof with
Burden from the dead —
And paint till a horse may mire upon your face!

Timon of Athens.

VI SA. III Lord WEY — H.

Come, come, you are well understood to be a per-
fector giber for the table, than a necessary Benger
in the Capitol.

Carolanus, Act II.

Lord R — W.

He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his
age

48 MODERN CHARACTERS.

age, doing; in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion; he hath better bettered expectation.

Much Ado, A& I.

Lady Dow. Towns—D.

She shall be buried with her face upward.

Much Ado.

Sir S—D—Y M—D—WS.

— This gallant

Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat,
And to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,
As he had incorpor'd, and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast.

Hamlet, A& IV.

The Marquis and Marchioness of GRANBY.

If sunny love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in BLANCH?
If zealous Love should go in search of Virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in BLANCH?
If Love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady BLANCH?
Such as mine, in Beauty, Virtue, Birth,
Is the young Marquis every way complete.
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she:
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

Oh!

BY SHAKESPEARE.

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Oh! two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in.

King John, Act II.

Lord SAND—CH.

An you love me, let's do it; I am a dog at a
catch. By'r Lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch
well.

Twelfth Night,

The Hon. G—R—D—M—R.

—Pray thee take pains

To alloy, with some cold drops of modesty,
Thy skipping spirit.

Merch. of Venice.

J—N—S H—W—Y.

Devise Wit! write Pen! for I am for whole vo-
lumes in folio.

Love's Labour Lost.

Mr. T. STOR—R.

Three hands have been in poor Tom at once, of
lust as Obédiant, Mobs of stealing, and Flipperigib-
bet of moping, and mowing, who since possesses
chamber-maids, and waiting-women.

Learn.

E

Lady

39 MODERN CHARACTERS

Lady Louisa F—z—ck.
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's Majesty;
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.

As You Like It.
 Sir G—r S—w—le.

He was the noblest Roman
 Of them all: All the conspirators
 Save only he, did that they did
 In envy of great *Cæsar*.
 He only in a general honest
 Thought, and common good to all,
 Made one of them.
 His life was gentle, and the elements so mixt
 In him, that Nature might stand up, and say
 To all the world,—This was a man!
Julius Cæsar.

Old F—z—ck.
 The best actor in the world, either for tragedy,
 comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, histori-
 cal-pastoral, or scene undivideable!
Hamlet, A & II. Sc. 7.

! Hon. Mrs. F—z—ck.
 Oh! when she is angry, she is keen, and shrewd;
 She

She was a vixen, when she went to school ;

And, tho' she be but little, she is loud.

Mid. Night's Dream, Act III.

Hon. Capt. F—ZP—K.

Pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy.

Larus's Labour-Lost.

Lord CHARLES B—N.

His words are bonds ; his oaths are oracles ; his heart as free from fraud as Earth from Heav'n !

Two Gent. of Verona.

Lady G. F—ZP—X.

One, that, in her sex, her years, profession, wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more than I dare blame my weakness.

Alp's Well.

Gen. Hon—Y—D.

A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour.

Disco. Act V.

Lady D—RH—ST.

A wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit !

Twining of a Shrew.

Lord P — — — r.

— By my hopes

I do not think a braver Gentleman,
 More active valiant, or more valiant young,
 More daring bold, is now alive
 To grace this latter age with noble deed.

Mm. IV. AA V.

Sir Tn — — — s Cl — — — s.

— You'll be so lean, the blasts of January
 will blow you through and through.

Winter's Tale,

Sir J. L — — — s.

— 'Tis an unweeded garden
 That grows to seed: Things rank, and gross in
 Nature
 Possess it merely.

Hamlet, AA I.

Lady JANE Sc — — — t.

Your date is better in your pyc, and your por-
 ridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity—
 your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd
 pears; it looks ill; it eats drily!

All's Well, AA I.

Sir J. St — — — n — — — x.

He is gracious, if he be observ'd; he hath a tear
 for

for Pity, and a hand as open as day to melting
Charity.

Hen. IV. Part II.

Dean of Os—ry.

I have a reasonable good ear in music;—let us
have the songs, and the bones.

All's Well, Act IV. Sc. 1.

Lord V—

He will beat Sir, an egg out of a cloyster. For
rapes, and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He pro-
fesses no keeping of oaths, and in breaking them is
stronger than Hercules. Drunkenness is his best
virtue.

Lady A—N S A—N.

Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one
to the world but I, and I run-burn'd; I may sit in a
corner, and cry—Fudge not for a husband.

Duke of H—

Why then build me thy fortunes on the basis of
reason? Challenge me the Duke's sword, and fight
with a

wish him & my niece shall take notice of it; and affix
thyself, there is no love-broker in the world, and
midst the vaill in man's commendation with women,
than report with valour.

—NOT—*Twelfth-Night*, A& IV.

—OG YAM NOY ? namow hitnam odt aylar W
! YTHAT SHE HAD NO LOVE-BROKER IN THE WORLD
COUNTS OF H—

She's a witch, a quack, an old cotenizing quack—
Come down, you witch, you hag, you, come down—
I say.

No doubt, the devil will soon have her!

—M—T—*Mirchell's Wind*.

—GRIDER GAYED IN THE WILDERNESS
—M—S—T—M—*Lord Sh—p—m—*
For tho' we lay these honours on this mag
To ease ourselves of divers stand'ron loads,
He shall bear them, as the ass bears gold,
Togroan, and sweat under the business.

Jul. Caesar, A& IV.

—E—*Earl of C—*

Lady L. W—*Lady L. W—*
The most reprehensible work of Nature
That, from the prime creation, e'er the fram'd.

Rich. III.

St. J. St. A—

—M—S—T—M—*Lord Sh—p—m—*
—M—S—T—M—*Lord Sh—p—m—*
—M—S—T—M—*Lord Sh—p—m—*

cooling when it is almost an apple with him in
standing water, betwixt boy and man, there
is a recommendation with women
than report with valour.

VI BA Lady B. — TON.

What says the married woman? You may go.—
Wou'd she had never given you leave to marry!
Let her stop, for she is the keeper of you here!
I have no power upon you here you are.

Ant. and Cleop.

No doubt, the devil will soon have her!
Bond. W. — T. — N.

Marry, you are the wiser man in saying nothing:
for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's un-
doing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know
nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part
of your title, which is in a very little of nothing!

VI BA Ant. Caesar, Act IV.

Earl of C. — LE.

Light vanity, (insatiate cormorant) consuming
means, soon preys upon itself!
Last from the prime creation, or the hand of
God.

III. Rich.

Sir, Wm. A. — T. — N.

My dear son, you are a good child, and I am
glad to hear of you, but I am sorry to hear
of your father's death.

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let seller; and then adjourn a controversy of three-
pence to a second day of audience.

Coriolanus, Act II.

Duchess of A---le.

Let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon,
and widow them all; and let me have a child of
fifty.

Coriolanus.

General C---w---y.

Consider this, he hath been bred i'th' wars since
he could draw a sword, and is ill-scholar'd in boasted
language; meat, and bran together he throws with-

Constance, As You Like It.

Lord Eff---n---m.

Who thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
hearing applause, and universal shout, giddy in so-
rit, gazing still in doubt, whether those peals of
praise be his, or not.

Sir C---L D---r.

Sir, here is newly come to court, *Laertes*; be-
lieve me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excel-
lent differences, of very soft society, and great
show; the very card and calendar of gentry.

Hamlet.

Lady;

Lady CH. S—R.

Go you wild bed-fellow ! if an oily palm be not a
fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear !

G—R P—K—L.

And says, if Ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it ; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observations, the which he vents
In mangled forms.

As You Like it.

D—s of B—on.

Her passions are made of nothing but the finest
part of pure love.

Ant. and Cleop.

Mon. J—n M—n—s.

Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd ;
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd.
If any one ask, Who lies in this tomb ?
Ah ! heh ! quoth the devil, 'tis my John a Comb !

Life of Shaks.

D—r Lady L—n.

Cleo. Come, you'll play with me, Sir.

Mad. As well as I can — Madam.

Cleo. And when good-will is shewn,

The

Tho' 't come too short, the actor

May plead pardon.

Ant. and Cleop.

Lady M—Y—N—D.

I found you as a morsel cold upon dead Cæsar's
trencher; nay, you were a fragment of Eneius Pom-
pey's; besides, what hotter hours, unregistered in
vulgar fame, have you luxuriously pick'd out.

Ant. and Cleop.

Mr. D—N—N—G.

Happy are they who have been my friends, and
was unto my Lord Chief Justice

Hon. IV. Part II.

Lady G—S—S—S.

Quiet confirmation have, And renowned be
your grave.

Mr. W—W—W—W.

I am about it, but indeed my invention comes
from my pate, as birdlime does from trees, it plucks
out brains and all; but my muse labours, and thus
she is delivered.

Oribello.

Lady

Lady D — N — CH.

Cha. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chuse it?

Ixa. Not in my husband's nose

— M — — — *Ant. and Cleo.*

Lord D — N — Y.

Let me be no assistant for the State, but keep a farm, and carters.

Ham.

Hon. Miss M — N.

Women will love her, that she is a woman,
More worth than any man: man that she is
The rarest of all women!

Winter's Tale, Act V. Scene II.

Sir SAM — N. GR — N.

We were Christians enough before; even as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we all grow to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

March. of Fools.

Countess of B — N.

She paragon's description, and wild fame!

One

One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.

Othello, Act II.

Col. H—TH—M.

Why, this is he,
Thou hast away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the Nice.

Love's Lab. Lost, Act V. Sc. 2.

Miss LY—D—A THO—AS.

Why do you look on me?

I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of Nature's sale-work!

As You Like It, Act III. Sc. 3.

Sir Jos—A RAY—

Had he himself eternity, and could put breath in
his work, he would beguile Nature of her custom,
so perfectly he is her ape.

Winter's Tale, Act V.

Lady BAR—

'Tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul!

Twelfth Night, Act II.

Lady

Lord Newn — n.

New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their

But with the aid of use.

Macbeth, Act I.

D — s — of C — m — d.

And didst thou not desire me to be no more fa-
miliar with common people, saying, that ere long
they should call me *Grave*? And didst thou not kiss
me? Deny it if they can't: I put thou now to thy

book — *Ham. IV. Part II.*

Lord C — g — n.

Wouldst thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too!

All's Well, Act I.

Lady ANN C — l.

A Lady of many accounted beautiful; but tho'
I could not with the same ease wonder believe that,
yet thus far I will boldly publish here, — the bore a
mind, that any could not but call fair!

Twelfth Night, Act II.

F

Lord

62 MODERN CHARACTERS

Lady M. L—W—ER, and

What! have I escaped love-letters in the holiday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them?—but, let me see—*readily*

Balm of Gilead Henry Wives of Windsor.

Lady E—SK—E.

Why, this is the very same, the very words! the very hand! what doth he think of us?

readily

Lord WINCH—EA.

Whether it like me or no, I am a *Courtier*!—
Seest thou not the air of *court* in these enfoldings?
hath not my gait in it the measure of *court*?—Re-
flect I not on thy basehells *court* contempt? I am a
Courtier cap-a-pie!

Winter's Tale, Act IV.

Sir J. WAL—

That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as *Vulcan* in the face of war.
A *bumbling* vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such feathered grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet.
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Oy'd fame, and honor on him!

Twelfth Night

Alber-

D—A—T

Lady M. — W. — N.

I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward,
And to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind!

Lear.

Gen. Rains — D.

I am so full of business, as I cannot answer thee
accurately. — Farewell!

All's Well.

Mr. and Mrs. Ch — S.

Beshrew my jealousy;
By heaven it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinion;
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion —

Rich. III. Sc. II.

Alderman Ken — T.

One that never spake other English in his life
than "Eight shillings and sixpence, and you are
welcome, Sir!" with this shrill addition, "Anon
Sir! Anon, Sir! score a pint of Bassard in a
half moon!"

Hen. IV. Part I.

F 2

Alder-

Alderman S——B——E.

—— He that temper'd thee,
 Hath got a voice in Hell for excellence;
 He might return to vasty Tartary back,
 And tell the legions, I could never win
 A soul so easy as that *Englishman's*!

Hen. V.

Dr. J——N.

You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth,
 'Tis a word too great for any mouth of this age.

Justice App——N.

Gadgell thy brains no more about it; for your
 dull Afs will not mend his pace with beating.

Rich. I. & V. Sc. 1.

Lord and Lady A——N.

Their wants are greater yet, my Lord;—those
 e'en of motion, life, and spirit;—did you but know
 how wretchedly they live, you'd pity them!

Rich. III.

Col. PR——LI——S.

You see this fellow that's gone before;
 He is a soldier fit to stand by thy side,
 And give directions.

Othello, Act I.

House

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

My masters, are you mad or what are you?
Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to
gabble like *sinners* at this time of night?

Tamworth Night.

Lady M-LL--R..

She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold; and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish; and yet said, Now I may;
She that when anger'd; her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly.

Osborne, Act II.

Lord L—L—N..

He is every man in no man; if a thistle-sing he
falls straight-a-capering: he will fence with his
own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry
twenty husbands!

Act I.

Lady T—R..

Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted metal should compose
Nothing but males.

Macbeth, Act I.

B-1

Emoc

KING OF FRANCE.

He hath bought a pair of chaste lips of *Diana*: a
 Nun of a Winter's Sisterhood kisses not so religi-
 ously;
 The very ice of Chastity is on them!

As you Like it, Act III.

QUEEN OF FRANCE.

You have beguill'd me with a counterfeit
 Resembling Majesty, which, touch'd, and try'd,
 Proves valueless.

King John, Act III.

General Con-
v.

This man has marr'd his fortune:
 His nature is too noble for the world:
 He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
 Or *Jove*, for's power to thunder: his heart's his
 mouth.

Coriolanus, Act III.

JOHN W. s. looking after *Fa*
B-L-L. Elq.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
 For I should mine own gain'd knowledge much
 profane;
 Should I hold converse with such a set of
 But for my profit.

Othello.

Lord

Lord STR.—RE.

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To goad, and sting her.

Hamlet, Act V.

Miss M.—S.

The remembrance of her father never approaches
her heart; but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all
liveliness from her cheek. No more of this H.

Duke of L.—D.

The dearest friend, the kindest man,
And one in whom
Th' ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Mercb. of V. Act III.

Lord D.—ST.

Not for *Byzantium*, nor the pomp that may
Be thereout glean'd; for all the tun sees, or
The close earth womb, or the profound seas hide,
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd; therefore I pray you,
As you have ever been my faithful friend,
Thus much deliver.

Winter's Tale, Act IV.

MODERATE CHARACTERS

Lord N—c—r.

I come not friends to steal away your hearts ;

I am no orator as *Brutus* is ;

But as you know me well, a plain, blunt man.

Julius Caesar, Act III.

Lord Sands.

Well said, Lord Sands !

Your colts tooth is not cast yet.

Hen. VIII.

King of D—r.

You are a villain ! I jest not ; you have killed
my Lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you.

Much Ado.

Sir J—N SK—NER.

I shall I never live to see a bachelor of threescore :
again ? go to i' faith, and thou wilt needs thrust thy
head into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh
away Sundays !

Rich. III.

Capt. K—

Captain ! thou abominable damned cheater, art
thou not ashamed to be call'd Captain ? If Captains
were of my mind, they would truncheon you out of
taking their names upon you, before you have
earned them. You a Captain : you slave !—for

what

what?—for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?

Her. IV. Part II. Act I.

Mother Wind—K.

We cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen young gentlewomen, who live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house!

Her. IV.

Lady D—Y.

I will marry, Sir, at your request, but if there be no great Love in the beginning, yet ~~Love~~ may increase it on better acquaintance. I hope this familiarity will grow more contempt—but if you say marry, I will marry that I am fully dissolved and dissolately

Her. IV. Part II. Act I.

Barber D—

An honest, willing, kind, fellow as ever servant shall come into the house withal—his worst fault is, he is given to *canting*!

Her. IV. Part II. Act I.

Lady S—L—K.

I do think it is their husbands

Her. IV. Part II. Act I.

Faults, if wives do fall, that they slack their duties;
And have not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailty as men have?
Then let them use us well.

Othello, Act IV.

Duke of D — *T* —

Callio's a proper man;

He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.

Othello, Act I.

Lord M — *M* — *R* —

Why give him gold enough, and marry him to a
puppet, or an agget baby, or an old trot with ne'er
a tooth in her head; though she have as many di-
seases as two and fifty horses; why nothing comes
amiss, so money comes withall.

Taming of the Shrew, Act I.

Countess of B — *L* —

Ev'n in the afternoon of her best days
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye;
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension, and loath'd beggary.

Richard III, Act III.

Lady H — *N* —

Rebellious heat,

If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire!

Hamlet, Act III.

Duke of G — T — N.

— What would you have
That like not peace nor war? The one affright,
you,
The other makes you proud. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead.
With every minute you do change your mind,
And call him noble that was once your hate.

Coriolanus, Act I.

Mr. B — K — I.

— What's the matter,
That in the several places of the city
You cry against the noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keep you in awe? Else
You would feed on one another! what is't you seek?

Coriolanus, Act I.

Mr. B — K — I.

What the word and the sword? Do you study them
both, Mr. Parson?

Merry Wives, Act III.

Mr.

Mr. GAB—K.

—What a grace was seated on his brow?
Hyperion's curls! the front of Jove himself!
An eye like Mars, to threaten, or command!
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where ev'ry God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a Man!

Hamlet, A& III.

Mr. S—DAN.

His eye begets occasion for his wit:
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which he delivers in such gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales;
So sweet and volubile his discourse.

Love's Labour's Lost, A& II

E—T—A—T.

Art thou any more than a steward? Dost thou
think, because thou art virtuous, there should be no
more cakes and ale?

Twelfth Night, A& II.

Mr. W—K&.

They now pass by me, as misers do by beggars;
Neither give to me good word, nor good look.
What! are my deeds forgot?

Troik and Cref.

Mr.

Mr. O——VER.

When he once attains the utmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend.

Julius Caesar, Act II.

Mrs. JACK C——

A woman impudent, and mannish grown,
 Is not so loath'd as an effeminate man
 In time of act.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III.

Lord C——

Though we lay these honours on this man,
 To ease ourselves of divers stand'rous loads,
 He shall but bear them, as the ass bears gold,
 To groan and sweat under the business,
 Or led or driven as we point the way.

Julius Caesar, Act IV.

The Bishop.

Who shall be pitiful if you be not.
 Or who should study to prefer a peace,
 If holy Church-men take delight in troubles?

Henry VI, Act III.

C——

Earl of Warwick

Brutus and Cassius

Are levying powers; we must straight make head;
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd.

Julius Caesar, Act IV.

Lord Fellows

Come, come, return thou wandering Lord,
Charles, and the rest, will yet receive you in their
arms.

Henry VI, Act III.

Poll-Kiss

Admit no other way to save his life,
But that you, his sister, must lay down the treasures
Of your body, or else let him suffer—what would

Measure for Measure, Act II.

Mr. J. N.

Such officers do the King best service in the end;
He keeps them like an apple in the corner of his
jaw, safe mouth'd to be last swallowed; when he
needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing
you, and gunge, you shall be dry again.

Hamlet, Act IV.

E — of D — — — — —

Neither having the accent of Christian, nor the
gait of Christian, Pagan, or Man, has so strutted,
and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's
journeymen had made him, and not made him well,
he imitated humanity so abominably.

Mrs. B — D — D.

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint, and motion of her body.

B — of P — — — — —

Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
If we have lost so many *men* of ours
To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us
(Had it our name) the value of one *man*;
What *men* is in that reason which denies

The yielding of it up?
— Now bedrew my father's ambition;
He was thinking of civil wars when he got me,
Therefore was I created with a stubborn outside,

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MORRIS CHARACTER

With an aspect of iron, that, when I come to
Woo ladies, I fright them.

Henry V. Act V.

Henry V. Act V.

Mr. F—x—

As dissolute as desperate; yet through both
I see some sparks of hope, which elder days
May happily bring forth.

Richard II. Act V.

Richard II. Act V.

Mr. B—x—

Yet I see
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed; therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep even with their likes;
For who so far that cannot be seduced?

Julius Caesar, Act I.

Gen—l F—x—

Well said, my noble Scot! if speaking truth,
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution shouldst thou have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so gen'ral current thro' the world.

K. Henry IV. Act IV.

Mr. S—x—

The world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,

Fall

Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
Love's Labour Lost, A & V.

Sir. A — — — — —

You'll leave your nose upon — — — — —
Do you take the Court for Parlo garden? I
You rude slave leave your gaping.
Hen. VIII. A & V.

E — — — — — of M — — — — — D,

Away, burn all the Records of the realm:
My Mouth shall be the Parliament of England
Have you a precedent for this Commission? I be-
lieve not any.
The subject's grief comes through commissions,
Which compel from each, part of his substance,
And the pretence for this is — — — — — the war with
France.
Hen. VIII. A & V.

The Cong — — — — —

— Why tribute? Why should we pay tribute?
If Caesar can hide the Sun from us with a blanket,
Proclaims you for a man to be clothed with mokes.

or put the moon in his pocket; we'll pay him tribute for light; else, Sir, no more tribute.

Cymb. Act III.

Lord F——L——TH.

Patraclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of a *qubore*; the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab;—Letchery, lechery still wars, nothing else holds fashion.

Trullus and Cressida, Act V.

Mr. H——S——

You are most bound to the King

Who lets go by no vantages, that may

Prefer you; frame yourself

To orderly solicit, that you in all obey;

Save when command to your dismissal tends,

And therein be you senseless.

Cymb. Act II.

The new C———s——— and his S———y.

Nay, 'tis most certain the stalled rhymers

Balled us out of tune; *Anthony*

Will be brought perfum'd forth, and I shall see

Some squeaking mimic boy attend his greatness.

Anthony and Cleopatra, Act V.

7—TTA

Sir

Sir G. B. —

My better parts

Are all thrown down, and that which should

stand up

Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeless block.

As you Like it, A & I.

Duke of A. —

I cannot tell

What Heaven has given him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that: but I can see his pride

Peep through each part of him; whence has he that?

Hen. VIII. A & I.

Lady Bridget T. —

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,

I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes,

Curs'd be the hand that made these fatal holes,

And makes me wretched by the death of thee.

King Richard III. A & I.

Mr. V. —

Why then taxation, like a wild goose, flies
claim'd of any man.

As you Like it, A & II.

Att —

ATT—^{one}Y G—^{enue}L,

That surly spirit, Melancholy, has bak'd thy
blood, and made it heavy-thick.

King John, A&III.

CH—^{avali}r D'E—N.

Question, my Lord, no farther of the case,
How or which way ; 'tis sure they found some part
But weakly guarded, where the *breach* was made :—
Perelle hath bravely played her part.

Hen. VI. A&II.

B I N' I S

X—77A